

## ATLANTIC ON A GREYHOUND.

### American Liner St. Louis Beats All Records from Southampton.

Three Hours and Eight Minutes  
Slided Off the Time Made  
by the St. Paul.

But, For a Spiteful Fog the Voyage  
Would Probably Have Taken  
Only Six Days.

ALAN DALE TELLS HOW IT FEELS.

Passengers Delighted, and Gave Rewards to  
the Men in the Engine Room—One  
Day's Run of 530  
Knots.

I've often wondered how it felt to cross the Atlantic on a record-breaking ship. Passengers have sneered at such luxuries. A few hours more or less make no difference, they have intimated. Very nice for the company; mightily uninteresting for the passengers. And now I'm as a god, knowing good and evil, and I unhesitatingly assert that the record-trip of the St. Louis, which began at 12:12 p. m. last Saturday, and ended on the lovely, brilliant, incandescent 11:20 of yesterday's a. m. was an excessively pleasing, titillating and joy-inspiring event.

It was in the air, was that record-rapture. I sniffed something unusual when I left Waterloo Station in London last Saturday morning. The grimy station porters were alert and triumphant; the seers-off were hopeful and tearful, the train itself was spick, span and decorative. There was not a note of melancholy anywhere. The birds on the Summer trees sang cheerily—or would have done, if there had been any birds and any trees for them to sing in.

At Southampton there were more symptoms of the extraordinary. The St. Louis lay at her dock snorting vociferously. She looked as though she were yearning for us. The ship's officers wore expressions of suppressed excitement, and we were anxiously told to hurry up, as there was no time to lose. This, of course, was disappointing. I enjoy shedding a tear when I leave England, and growing a trifle romantic on the subject of Albion's chalky cliffs. There was no time for anything but business. Hardly had the London train disgorged its 240 saloon passengers than off we went. Ta-ta, dear old England. Au revoir.

Captain W. G. Randle kept himself distinctly aloof from everybody. At first I didn't wonder at this, as a captain's lot is an unhappy one. He has to inform everybody at least three times an hour during the first day as to the weather probabilities, and he is expected to know the exact hour of arrival before starting. When Captain Randle continued to absent himself, however, nerves perceived more and more of the capture in the air and in Southampton and

the first day's run was posted up—on the Needles, and 503 from Southampton, I said to myself, "Ha! Ha! Ha!" and felt a comfortable sensation of satisfaction. The sea was as blue as a quince (I can't think of a more original simile), and as calm as the mill pond of which I've heard so often, but never saw. Still, calm seas mean little. I've crossed the Atlantic many times, and calm seas have been of little value. They don't mean record-breaking.

When the second day's run of 519 miles was announced, the smiling faces of the passengers would have made a seemly picture. I lost a nice, clean, five-dollar bill on that run, but I smiled. It was hard work, but I did it. Bob Hilliard put on a straw hat with an ultra-marine band, and simply chuckled. Mr. Foilansbee said it was wonderful, and got a sunburnt nose standing out on deck moralizing on the probabilities. Pretty little Marie Shotwell took notes and made memoranda as girls on board ship love to do, for no earthly purpose that I have ever been able to discover, and the bride, with her reverent bridegroom, promenaded up and down the deck in a blissful combination of conjugal love and record-breaking happiness. My opinion is that this bride was the real mascot of the trip. Her wedding ring was brand new. Her rate had put it on her slim finger the Wednesday before we sailed. I believe that this lady had as much to do with our success as good old Randle, and good, new St. Louis.

The next day took the starch out of our elation. The chart said 530 miles—longitude 48:50, latitude 40:23. It was very, very, but there was a sea on. Oh, they'll tell you to-day that they didn't care; that they didn't mind the sea in the least. Don't believe it. Elia your faith to my statement—which is, that we were all extremely comfortable. Seasickness is no disgrace, sensitive abdomen is uncomfortable, but not fatal. That afternoon you know always candidly don't mind telling that I cursed record-breaking. I felt as if I should say to Captain Randle, "Slack up, old man, slack up. If you must break records, chuck yours obediently overboard!" How we cut through the sea! How we slashed those waves! How sleekening it all was!

This little nausea spell was of short duration. It passed away never to return, and the rest of the trip was idyllic—bright skies, creamy waters, a vessel that was the pink of clean perfection, and over-ridingly healthy on the part of 240 passengers. And how we all chattered! Should beat the silly old Campanians; should knock spots out of the Angustas, who, that sailed a day before we did, had offered to bet us shares that should land before noon on Friday; the user's aristocratic gray head nodded affably at the ladies as he answered their nervous questions with courtly good humor; and we forgot even the miseries of a concert in this record of competition. The concert was almost as bad as the little nausea spell above mentioned. I believe only in orphan, but couldn't we contribute to their support without the mean apology of music? Imagine on a record trip being forced to endure "Faust" with variations on the piano by an abominable amateur; "I want you, ma honey" by a lady with a foghorn voice; a "comic" song (yes, comic), by a dismal modern sonneteer called Freddie Huke, and a "recitation" by a black-haired gentleman with large lungs and an oily face. Bob Hilliard did his best to

redeem our misery by a Sims monologue, but the concert was a ghastly affair—the only blot on a perfect week. And how proud we all were yesterday as we panted up the bay. Each felt as though he had done it all. Each imagined that he was the mascot. Each bared his head and bowed, as the tugs and craft whistled a welcome. From Southampton to New York in 6 days, 2 hours and 24 minutes! Last night I slept in my American bed; the preceding Friday I snored in the very heart of London.

Oh, tell me not in mournful numbers that a record-breaking trip is no satisfaction. It is a delight. It has whetted my appetite for more record trips. Henceforth I shall clamor for a record-breaking cruise in my steamship ticket contract. It is really one of the modern luxuries.

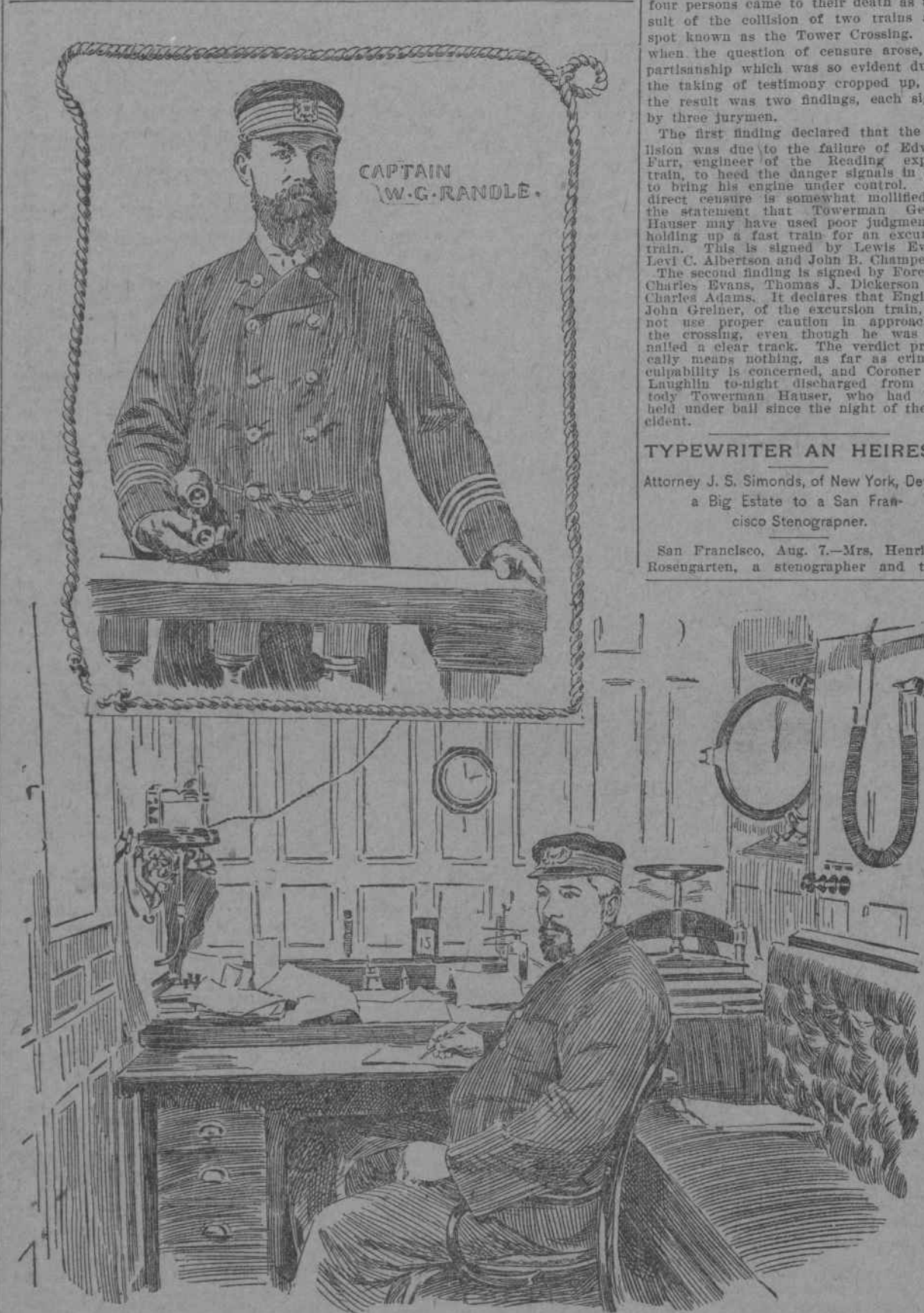
ALAN DALE.

### HOW SHE MADE THE RUN.

Would Have Been Here in Six Days Had It Not Been for Fog—Rewards in the Engine Room.

All records from Southampton were broken yesterday by the American Liner St. Louis. She steamed into the harbor at twenty knots an hour with a record of 6 days 2 hours and 24 minutes from the Needles to the Sandy Hook Lightship. This slices 3 hours and 8 minutes off the best previous Southampton record of 6 days 5 hours and 32 minutes, held by her sister ship, the St. Paul.

The St. Louis made the voyage over a comparatively smooth sea, and her hull had



CHIEF ENGINEER WALLS AND CAPTAIN RANDLE, OF THE ST. LOUIS.

been scraped and polished in the Southampton dock just before her departure.

As soon as she left Southampton Chief Engineer Walls divided his corps into three watches of fifty-eight men each, and when the St. Louis passed the Needles at 2:02 p. m. August 1, her screws began to revolve ninety times a minute. The strain gauge showed a pressure of 108 pounds to the square inch, and the patent log disclosed that the St. Louis was steaming at a fraction more than twenty knots an hour. She made 477 knots for the first twenty-four hours, and for the second day, ending last Monday at noon, she covered 519 knots.

Still the speed increased, and at noon of Tuesday her log showed that she had led 520 knots behind, and had steamed at an average speed of 21.3 knots for the twenty-four hours. The St. Louis entered a fog bank at 3:20 p. m. Tuesday, and did not emerge until 8 a. m. Wednesday, and on Wednesday afternoon the starboard engine was stopped for forty-five minutes in order to plug a tube in the main condenser. Actor Robert Hilliard, who was one of the passengers, started a subscription for the engineers' corps and \$75 was quickly realized. Howland and Charles Smith also rallied a bicycle and gave the proceeds, \$115.75, to the crew, who were each served with extra grog for their efforts.

Captain Randle said he believed the Southampton record would not be broken for six days. Twenty-one hours of fog interfered with making it six days the present trip.

Captain Walker, of the Cunarder Campania, which passed the lightship at 1:23 p. m., was somewhat chagrined when he saw the St. Louis in her berth when the Campania passed up the river. Captain Walker declared that at 11 p. m. Thursday the Campania was in a position to smash all ocean records, when a fog set in. The Campania's time was five days, nine hours and thirty-five minutes.

**Bicycle Killed by Lightning.**

Chicago, Aug. 7.—Walter Scott, the junior member of the firm of Bauer & Scott, a stove dealer, was instantly killed by lightning last night while riding on his bicycle. The bolt struck him on the head, burning to a crisp a corduroy cap he wore. A ring which he wore was turned black, while a silver watch was not affected. A wheel was not damaged.

## IS THERE A BORGIA IN HERRICK VILLAGE?

An Old Man Dies from Poison  
Where Two Others  
Had Died.

Carrie Rodgling, a Farmer's  
Housekeeper, Arrested  
on Suspicion.

Asserts Her Innocence, but the Dying  
Man's Vague Words Are Used  
Against Her.

HER EMPLOYER LEAVES HIS HOME.

Two Mysterious Deaths Have Occurred on  
George Fowler's Farm in the Past, and  
the Coroner Is Rigidly Inquiring  
into This Latest Case.

Great Neck, L. I., Aug. 7.—Herrick's village, a small town outside of Manhasset, was stirred up to-day over the arrest of Carrie Rodgling, thirty-five years old, a housekeeper employed by George Fowler, in connection with the death of Andrew

large crowd was at the depot, and many remarks were overheard condemning Miss Rodgling. The adjourned inquest will be held next Tuesday evening at John Rice's Hotel, Manhasset, at 8 p. m.

Coroner Schenck had intended to have Fowler arrested, but the latter left town. He said he was going to Hempstead.

**NO MOTIVE ASSIGNED FOR THE CRIME.**  
Neighbors recall the fact that a brother of Smith died in the same house some years ago under much the same circumstances. Andrew Smith, the man who died on Saturday, formerly kept a hotel in the old Court House, in North Hempstead, and, in addition, was a turnkey in the Court House when the county seat was at North Hempstead. He comes of an old and respected Long Island family and had worked for Fowler since leaving the Court House.

Fowler admitted to the Coroner that he had refused to give Smith a drink of milk when he asked for it on Saturday. Miss Rodgling stoutly denies having done anything wrong. She cried and bewailed her fate all the way down in the train to the jail. She is a tall, comely looking woman, with light hair, blue eyes, and is said to be a Swede.

### ABSOLVED THE RAILROADS

Three Findings by the Coroner's Jury on  
the Atlantic City Horror That  
Mean Nothing.

Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 7.—After five days of examination and wrangling, the Coroner's jury, empaneled to investigate the killing of forty-four excursionists at the junction of the Reading track, near this city, to-night rendered three verdicts. All of the jurymen find that the forty-four persons came to their death as a result of the collision of two trains at a spot known as the Tower Crossing. But when the question of blame arose, the partnership which was so evident during the taking of testimony cropped up, and the result was two findings, each signed by three jurymen.

The first finding declared that the collision was due to the failure of Edward Furr, engineer of the Reading express train, to heed the danger signals in time to bring his engine under control. This direct censure is somewhat mollified by the statement that Towerman George Hauser may have used poor judgment in holding up a fast train for an excursion train. This is signed by Lewis Evans, Levi C. Albertson and John B. Chamber.

The second finding is signed by Foreman Charles Evans, Thomas J. Dickerson, and Charles Adams. It declares that Engineer John Greiner, of the excursion train, did not use proper caution in approaching the crossing even though he was signalled a clear track. The verdict practically means nothing, as far as criminal culpability is concerned, and Coroner McLaughlin to-night discharged from custody Towerman Hauser, who had been held under bail since the night of the accident.

### TYPEWRITER AN HEIRESS.

Attorney J. S. Simonds, of New York, Devises  
a Big Estate to a San Francisco Stenographer.

San Francisco, Aug. 7.—Mrs. Henrietta Rosengarten, a stenographer and type-

writer of this city, is, by the will of James Cameron Simonds, heiress to his entire estate. Simonds died in New York on July 14, and his will was filed yesterday. The will was drawn in this city on May 16 last, and it bequeaths all his property to Mrs. Rosengarten, "who is to become my wife." This provision, however, is made: "If, after my death, the cash value of my estate, real and personal, shall amount to no less than \$125,000, I hereby give unto the following named persons \$50,000 each, namely, Martha, Shaw, John T. Pater, O. P. Gilmore, Angus Simonds and Mary Shaw White. I further request said Henrietta Rosengarten to provide by her will for an equal division of such of my estate as she may not have found it necessary to use for her own purpose during life, between the grandchildren and children of my brothers, C. W. and Angus Simonds, and my sister, Margaret A. Arthur.

Mrs. Rosengarten said: "The will is in my handwriting, having been written by me at the dictation of the testator. Mr. Simonds was an attorney, and two years ago he came to this city. When he left to go East several months ago to attend to legal business we were betrothed, and he made the will as a precautionary measure. He went to New York and when I next heard from him he was seriously ill. I left here to join him, but before I reached my destination he died."

The value of the estate is not known, and all the beneficiaries, aside from the chief legatee, live in New York.

### ROWBOAT FOX AT HAVRE.

Perilous Trip of Two Men Across the Atlantic  
Comes to an End.

Havre, Aug. 7.—The small boat Fox, in which the two Americans, George Harbo and Frank Samuels, rowed across the Atlantic from New York, arrived here to-day, after stopping for two days at the Selly Islands, where they arrived last Saturday.

## BRITONS ENRAGED AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Peers' Treatment of the Irish  
Land Bill Makes Them  
Many Foes.

Party Fealty Disregarded When  
Their Financial Interests  
Are at Stake.

The Majority Vote Against the Gov-  
ernment Measure Likely to  
Cause a Serious Crisis.

CHANCE TO ABOLISH THE HOUSE.

The Old Radical Scheme, if Revived, Would  
Meet with Strong Favor Now.  
Is Salisbury Play-  
ing Double?

By Julian Ralph.  
London, Aug. 7.—The House of Lords has damaged itself more in the last two or three days than ever before in its history. Its cloven foot of absolute selfishness and ignorance, which most persons have long known existed, has now been fully exhibited to the public gaze.

Hitherto even the Liberals have given the lords credit for some measure of high public spirit and ability to understand and give effect to the will of the people whenever the popular will has been clearly expressed.

The Lords have often acted foolishly in the past, but have usually known when to climb down, and fortune and good luck have often placed them in a position to act patently when the majority had not the slightest idea what pure-souled patriotism meant.

**Unpopular with all Classes.**  
When they threw out the Home Rule bill by a majority of hundreds, it was at that time a popular enough action, and the anti-House of Lords movement, which the Liberal party tried to lead in the country, was a miserable failure. Now, however, such a movement, if revived, would certainly be a magnificent success. Nobody sympathizes now with what the Lords are doing, and even their best friends are bitterly disgusted.

An enormous Conservative-Unionist majority has passed in the House of Commons an Irish Land bill, somewhat ameliorating the position of the tenant on questions of fair rent and improvements. Only a few landlords and their hawks dared to oppose it. Everybody thought it necessary, and, although many considered that it did not go far enough, even the Irish party welcomed it as being something of an earnest of the better things to come, and consequently there has been such an improvement in the relations between members representing the interests of various portions of Great Britain and Ireland that those who recollected old times were almost struck dumb with amazement.

### Mangled the Measure.

The bill was sent up to the House of Lords, which at once showed its pigheadedness by mangling it nearly beyond recognition. All the landowners revolted, and anybody who thought his vested interests were going to be damaged threw off the Government yoke, and, wholly regardless of what their fellow-politicians in the other house had done, voted against the bill, which was not only completely defeated on all essential points, but cut a very sorry figure indeed. As it is, the bill, thus remodelled, is practically worthless, and people are going about pointing to the hereditary legislators as being utterly incapable of appreciating any argument except that of their own pockets, and how they can best fill them at the expense of every one else not so well off.

The English voter can stomach a good deal, but he will not manage to swallow this disgraceful exhibition of selfishness.

### Great Crisis at Hand.

Nobody knows what Government will do and the country may be on the eve of a great crisis. Anyway, some jonnies will have to be found. The picture of such a great Government, possessing, with one or two exceptions, such an incomparable lot of Parliamentary muddlers, has seldom been seen in this country.

It is whispered that Salisbury himself sympathizes with landlord interest against his own bill, but that is mere gossip. At all events, the situation is critical in the highest degree.

### Resignations May Follow.

London, Aug. 7.—A Cabinet council was held at noon to-day, at which Lord Salisbury presided. The Birmingham Post, which is the organ of Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, says that the Cabinet will seriously consider the position created by last night's action of the House of Lords on the Irish Land bill, when several amendments to the bill, which the Government opposed, were adopted.

The House of Lords to-day passed the Irish Land bill through committee after five hours' further debate. The hostility shown toward the measure was less marked than was expected. Several of the amendments offered were withdrawn. One amendment was rejected by a vote of 39 to 44 and one was carried—41 to 46—in opposition to the Government.

The report on the committee stage and the final reading of the bill are fixed for Monday next.

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Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

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### Grand Street Store.

Bargains in  
Linen Department;  
Extra Heavy All Linen  
Huck Towels;

19 x 38; 12 1/2c. each.  
Extra Large Damask Towels;  
Knotted Fringe; 24 x 48;  
25 Cents.

18 in. Bleached  
Twilled Crash;  
8c.; (worth 12 1/2-20c.)  
54 in. Cream  
Bleached Damask;  
22c.; (worth 30c.)

65 in. Unbleached;  
Extra Heavy;  
49c.; (worth 69c.)  
5-8 Extra Heavy  
German Napkins;  
\$1.19; (worth \$1.50).  
Large Cotton  
Barnsley Towels;

20 x 40;  
9c.; 3 for 25c.  
Special Sale of  
Ladies' Shirt Waists;  
All our 69c., 89c., 98c., and \$1.25  
Waists; will be offered at  
39c.; Saturday.

Laces & Embroideries;  
Normandy Val.  
Point D'Paris Laces;  
4 to 6 inches wide;  
6c. yd.  
6 to 9 inches wide;  
10c.; (worth 15c. & 19c.)  
Swiss Embroidery in  
Openwork Effects;  
4 and 6 inches wide;  
6c.; (worth 9c.)  
6 to 8 inches wide;  
9c.; (worth 12 1/2-20c. & 15c.)

Handkerchiefs;  
Ladies' Hemstitched  
and Embroidered;  
7 1/2c.; (worth 10c. & 12 1/2-20c.)  
Ladies' Hand Embroidered  
All Linen;  
25c. (worth 47c. to \$1.)  
Ladies' All Linen Emb'd;  
15c.; (worth 30c. & 35c.)

A lot of  
White Toilet Quilts;  
Seconds of the Loom;  
59c.; (75c. quality).  
Regular \$1.25 Quilts;  
Large size;  
79 Cents.  
Marseilles Quilts;  
\$1.10;  
(All the above are about half  
regular value).

House Furnishing Department.  
The new law that went into effect August 1st, has about cornered the  
market for  
Ash Cans.

We saw this coming and laid in a large supply. We are therefore  
prepared to fill all orders, and make prompt delivery.  
Cans Marked Free.

Open Until 10 o'clock Saturday Night.  
Cor. Grand & Chrvtie Streets.

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About Your Insurance?

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You know where you are. A \$2,000.00 policy secured through us never turns to a \$2,000.00 dispute over night.

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TO BICYCLE RIDERS AND OTHERS:  
DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.

For Sprains, Bruises, Sore Muscles, Stiff Joints, Lumbago, etc.

Taken internally it acts like a charm for Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Nausea, Sick Headache, etc. Warranted Perfectly Harmless. (See also accompanying each bottle, also directions for use, its soothing and penetrating qualities are felt immediately. Try it and be convinced. Price 25 & 50c. Sold by all Druggists.

WONDERFUL SIXES  
Six truly wonderful Smokers for 25 cents.

CARTER'S  
LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS

SICK HEADACHE  
Positively cured by these  
Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

IF YOU WOULD BE CURED OF  
LIQUOR AND  
MORPHINE HABITS  
NEUROLOGICAL INSTITUTE  
THE KEELEY INSTITUTE  
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